



the harvest

MACDONALD COLLEGE

^{p. 1.50}
VOL. XLVIII NO. VII

FRIDAY MAR. 4 1977

ELECTIONS TODAY

CANDIDATES:

F.S.U.S. Rep: Frances Furmankiewicz



Paul Ahmaranian



Paul Ahmaranian

At this corner weighing 135 lbs. solid non-fat, and still growing.

Campaign Issues: I will try to increase the student activities on the campus, and try to make the student life more fun.

"The right man in the wrong place."

A.U.S. Rep: Barry Russell
Judy Fenwick



Treasurer: Michel Beauchamp Heather Edwardson



C.C. Chairman: Pierre Beauchamp Terry Caunter



Pierre Beauchamp C.C. Chairman Candidate

The Centennial Centre is undergoing intense planning for the remodelling of the first two floors of the building.

No longer in the talking stage, blueprint plans and estimates are now being sought. As a member of the Bar-Disco and Centennial Centre Committees, I have actively taken part in initiating these changes.

I will see that they are not put back on the planning shelf, and push further for a permanent liquor license.

EDITORIAL

Acclamation
Definition:

"Loud and eager assent to a proposal." **Are you kidding?**

Last week saw the choosing of the 1977-78 Students Council. As you may know, the President, Internal & External Vice-Presidents, Senate Rep., and Board of Governors Rep. were all chosen by "acclamation" which according to the above definition implies **overall** and **vociferous** agreement amongst the student body. As you well know, this is a load of bovine excrement. How many students here knew there was an election, how many even know of the Council's existence? For the majority of Council positions only **one** nomination was submitted. Check the names, all the nominees were members of various committees or organizations centred around the C.C. Outside the realm of the C.C. **NO ONE EVEN BOTHERED TO SUBMIT A NOMINATION.** Why? What has happened to erect a barrier between the C.C. and the outside world of Macdonald College? Is it really that depressing in there? Anyway, no-matter what the reasons for the total disinterest in Council affairs, we have a new Council who will manage the affairs of the students and could easily raise their fees, take away their privileges, and close the Bar-Disco to MAC, without a single student batting an eyelid.

Let's have some **input** around here, apply, sign up, get involved, or at least speak out for your causes. If you don't we'll only have more positions filled "by acclamation" which should really be called "by default". In any sport, when one team doesn't show, the other wins by default. But in an election, if no other candidates show we call it "in by acclamation".

What kind of meadow muffins is this.

Ed.

MacApathy on Campus

By Pierre Beauchamp

There seems to be a general event most students and staff like to participate in: it's called apathy; a situation when people simply couldn't be bothered. However general, this statement may not be entirely true. After all we've got the dips, the swampies, the aggies, the "those girls on the third floor", the peppers, the blokes, the grads, the undergrads, the staff, profs and let's not forget our Woodsmen.

Naturally many of these groups overlap as you can be a Woodsmen, a bloke and a swampie. But the rules specify you can't be a pepper and a bloke. In fact all these groups of people are the root of the problem: or are they?

Actually the problem is not in the groups but in the individual. If the individual doesn't react to the announcement of an upcoming event, the group won't react and the whole college community sinks deeper into lethargy.

It would seem that a lot of people at Mac think that fun and participation is for the others: the woodsmen, the dips and the swampies. Is it because these groups have nothing better to do but dwell on mundane things, the likes of beer, hockey, Woodsmen practice and whatever the dips can come up with. Although they do study, sometimes they also like to have a good time.

Of course it all depends on each person's definition of fun and participation and I doubt that I'll ever change much. But we try, like Danny our (eternal) internal V.P. with a highly active carnival, when three bus loads of students went on ski day and other carnival activities that usually go unnoticed (the ski race) except Woodsmen competition. And Louise's (our external V.P.) Founders day saw more students than staff coming to the events. But when nominations were called for, to elect next year's students

council, three vital positions were acclaimed due to only one interested candidate for each position. The offices of president, internal and external V.P.'s require interested and highly motivated students wishing to participate actively in the administration and activities of the college. Without campaigning these candidates can't be judged on their abilities to fill these positions. However enthusiastic, experienced and good these individuals may be no one knows where they stand without some campaigning. True, next year will spell out the facts but some heavy mistakes have been made in the past. I wish to elect-executive council the good judgement. I know they possess and the election of a good crew.

Until, more people realize that unless they make things happen, even if it's in response to a complaint, the college community will sink into a rut. Eventually education standards start slipping because students, and staff become dazed and sleepy. Events like the Fall Royal and Winter Carnival of this year have brought back some life and participation to Mac.

True, these buildings at Macdonald College are old on an old campus. But Mac is something special on Montreal Island where clean air and a

slower pace make life more enjoyable. Problems exist but solutions are there for the dedicated. These buildings of Mac have become an institution and hold a bit of each and everyone's past. This gives it its character. It's also uncrowded; with Mac staff and students that is.

By doing something about our beefs (appropriate choice of words isn't it) one accomplishes something and gets to know more people. It gets us involved and interested in the administration and functioning of the C.C., the college, student activities and all other events.

Mere where we spend at least three years acquiring a culture, a higher level of knowledge but most of all, those friendships and good times which will become cherished memories all too soon. The idea is not merely to spend the three years, but to fill and enjoy them. By thinking it over and saying it often enough we might all get to believe it!

The moral of this story is: stop complaining and do something about it! Prove me wrong and cast a record vote on Friday March 4th for the student's council elections. Who knows, the dips and the swampies may be on to something.

JACK SADLER NEW PRES.

As president of Macdonald Student Society for 1977-78, I plan to work towards the efficient running of the student affairs and activities on campus.

This past year I have been a Member at Large on the Council, serving on the Committee for Co-ordination of Student Services at McGill, a member of the Centennial Centre Committee, Co-manager of the Bar-Disco, and President of U-2. I feel that I have an adequate background to student affairs on campus.

Please feel free to contact me

LETTERS

Dear Sir;

I would like to take a few moments to congratulate the students of Macdonald College on the success of the Annual Livestock Show held at the College Farm, February 19, 1977.

One could describe the success in a number of ways. Certainly the enthusiasm of the participating students was encouraging to those concerned with the fact that Macdonald is a College of Agriculture. There was a large attentive audience for the whole day. We noted many students and parents and appreciated their support. Equally important, however, was the substantial number of people from the general public. For some this was a good first introduction to farming and rural activities.

One aspect which I felt was of special importance was the very successful showmanship class for children. The credit for this goes almost entirely to Martha Sullivan (Dip II) and Stuart Bowman (Staff). They did an outstanding job working with the children and their animals. For this they deserve many thanks.

The enthusiasm and sustained effort of these kids encourages me to suggest that it is time for the development of a 4-H program on the Macdonald College Campus. Those of us who have the opportunity to grow up on farms realize that many of our children lack the opportunity to learn worthwhile skills that farm life offers. It

seems that there is a real desire from the children in this direction. The Extension Department and others as well as the farm offer a real opportunity in this connection. I would like to see this developed as there is a good opportunity for students, staff and parents to contribute to a very positive experience. Any suggestions in this vein would be appreciated.

All in all the Livestock Show was a grand time and I extend my hearty thanks and appreciation to the many people who cooperated in its presentation.

Robert Harper

Mr. Meadow Muffins,

If you would hang around The Bar until the management are sweeping out what remains of the clientele, you'd find those loud, obnoxious, immature, rowdies you referred to in your last anything but witty and certainly not outrageously funny column, putting on green jackets much resembling those of Macdonald College and stumbling out of the Bar yelling DIP, dip, Hurray!!

Don't tell me that you are in such a state of constant stoned that you are so stunned as not to distinguish the difference between MAC DIPs and JAC Drops.

D.L. Fox

Dear Assholes:

Just who the hell is that John Wolfe character anyway?, and what makes him think that Meadow Muffins ranks as the finest piece of slanderous wit ever to grace the virgin pages of the Harvest? He's just got to be out of his tree. After reading that last issue, with that excellent centre spread on the wolves, and the most original sports page I've ever seen, I mean how can cheap Muff compare? You're crazy John-boy.

Susan Latimer
U3

Gentlemen:

Everyone but everyone is walking through the halls muttering "Who the hell is John Wolfe and why did he write that incredibly witty and outrageously funny letter to the editor in the last issue of the "Harvest", which by the way was an excellent exhibition of journalistic talent (keep up the good work chaps) and I am becoming a wee bit perturbed at my apparent anonymity around the Macdonald Campus after having been here for three years now.

Well I exist, dammit, and this letter proves it, so bite your tongue all of you meelee-mouthed doubting Toms. I mean, how would you like it if, for instance, I pretended that you didn't exist. I bet you wouldn't like it one bit.

John Wolfe
U-III

THE HARVEST

The Harvest is a bi-monthly publication financed by the students' society of Macdonald College. The content does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Students' Council nor the Editorial Staff.

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!!ENOUGH!!

E. Ellis

Since I am prone to bitching and my friends soon tire of listening to me, I must resort to putting my complaints on paper. Usually these volumes land in the waste-paper basket but I recently found Jan ravaging waste-paper baskets for newspaper copy material so I decided to save him the trouble and put my garbage directly into the **Harvest**. Some of these complaints may be unique to me (quite likely, really) but some may be menacingly common.

First I am pissed off at this institution generally, because of its attitude toward education.

I remember years ago, my grandfather, a university president, lamenting the fact that thousands of students receive university degrees without even having taken such 'basic courses' as Greek and Latin.

"Crazy old man," I thought. (Yes, I was one of those youths of the 60's who thought that if one was over thirty, one was old and if one was old, one's opinions were worthless.) "What the hell can you do with Greek and Latin...except teach Greek and Latin?"

My grandfather was behind the times; universities were finally answering the pleas of Industry and Business (probably because Industry and Business were willing to pay to be answered) and were graduating students who were trained for jobs in the business world. Life was Lydian; everyone was happy. Students were happy because they knew that with the almighty degree the world was at their feet: Universities were happy because, with everyone flocking to get degrees, they were continually growing. Industry and Business were happy because they were getting "the cream" to work for them.

But then the inevitable happened. The Law of Diminishing Marginal Utility dealt a nasty blow to the egos of many university graduates of the early 70's. Suddenly we had become a dime a dozen.

Despite the fact that his condition has existed for a number of years now, universities are still cranking out graduates who have gone through channeled programmes which are supposed to qualify them for specific jobs.

I like to think that there is a difference between specialized training and higher learning. What would the administration do if I said, "I don't give a damn about the piece of paper, required courses, pre requisites, F's, D.N.W's or whatever; I'm just here to enjoy learning whatever I want to learn"? What would my professors do if I said, "Look, I'm not going to write your exams because I already know how much I've learned from the course and its not up to you to tell me whether or not is enough." I mean, whats "enough", anyway? Why is answering fifty percent of what a professor

asked for the right roll of the dice to get past. Go and collect two hundred dollars? And where in the rules does it say that unless I do, I can get kicked out of the game?

The professors who make me weep to think I paid \$19 per credit, to take their courses are the ones who answer a query with, "Don't worry about it, You'll never have to know that". They are also usually among those professors who tell you that their exams test you on the important material in the course. Well, if that implies that material not covered on the exam is unimportant, why did they bother lecturing on it? How does a piece of knowledge qualify as important? I like to think that knowing is important. Just keep feeding me information and let me decide for myself whether or not is something I want to remember and store in my brain as "knowledge."

Enough with the heavies and on to the little things that can add up to one big pain.

I have been told that yes, Rebecca, there are left handed desks at Macdonald College but I'll believe it when I see it. I have not yet had a class in a room that does and in the meantime my body is gradually taking the shape of a corkscrew. (HMMMMMMM...this could have some interesting implications, could it not?)

I also have a class in a room where there are not enough chairs for the number of students registered in the course. Admittedly, we are rarely all there at one time, these days, but on those rare occasions some students must sit on the floor gazing out over a sea of kneecaps.

Why, when there are night classes going on can the doors to the buildings not be left unlocked? One of these mornings as the sun illuminates (but does not warm) the Macdonald campus, someone is going to find a frozen body somewhere between the Ag. building and the west gate. I will have succumbed the night before while trying to make my way from class to home.

While on the topic of locked doors, may I mention the C.C. No doubt the reason the building is locked on weekends is because no one want to go there anyway. However, the **Harvest** has the misfortune of having its office in that building and **Harvesters** sometimes have to **Harvest** on the weekends. Is it too much to ask that Jan be given a door key?

One last bitch before I turn off my typewriter and head over to the B.D. for refreshment and stimulating conversation. About that glorified long weekend called mid-term break, I would like to thank those who had the generosity to give Mac students two days holiday. That means that if I had driven all night after classes, I could have been home in time to sleep all day and still have Sunday and Monday to visit with all my friends who had the whole week.

WOMEN WITH AG DEGREES IN DEMAND

This year's enrollment of women in agricultural curricula may well be the highest the land-grant colleges and universities see for some time, yet agribusiness firms are looking for more and more females to fill job openings. The number of women enrolled in the nation's colleges of agriculture probably will plateau in the next few years, reflecting the dwindling excitement aspect of women entering a new field, speculates Deane Turner, ag placement director at the University of Minnesota.

The number of women enrolled in agricultural programs has quadrupled since 1970, partly the result of more job opportunities, more women seeking jobs, more interest in food and ecology, and the disappearance of sexist barriers in the industry, according to 35 deans and placement officials responding to land-grant colleges and state universities.

A survey of ag enrollment for the 70 member institutions in the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges showed that women accounted for about 28%, or 27,000 of the 98,183 students enrolled in agriculture baccalaureate degree programs (not including veterinary medicine and home economics). That was a total increase of 4,046 women from the 1975

enrollment figures. The NASU-LGC survey, reported by Dr. Louis M. Thompson, associate dean of agriculture at Iowa State University, also showed that 7 of the 70 institutions had fewer women enrolled in ag in 1976 than in 1975.

Bob LaPrad, placement coordinator for the College of Agriculture and Natural Resources at Michigan State University, sees the numbers of women in agricultural schools leveling off in the next few year. But, he added, more and more companies are seeking well-qualified women graduates.

Those responding to the FEEDSTUFFS survey said about 57% of the agribusiness firms contacting the colleges this year show great interest in hiring women. And approximately 3,100 women will graduate with baccalaureate degrees in agriculture. Turner, who noted that 52 of the 355 University of Minnesota ag students graduating this year will be women, said the highest percentage of women in agriculture comes from midwestern colleges.

The curricula having proportionately more women are animal science, food science and horticulture, Turner said. LaPrad and others agreed that animal science seemed to be

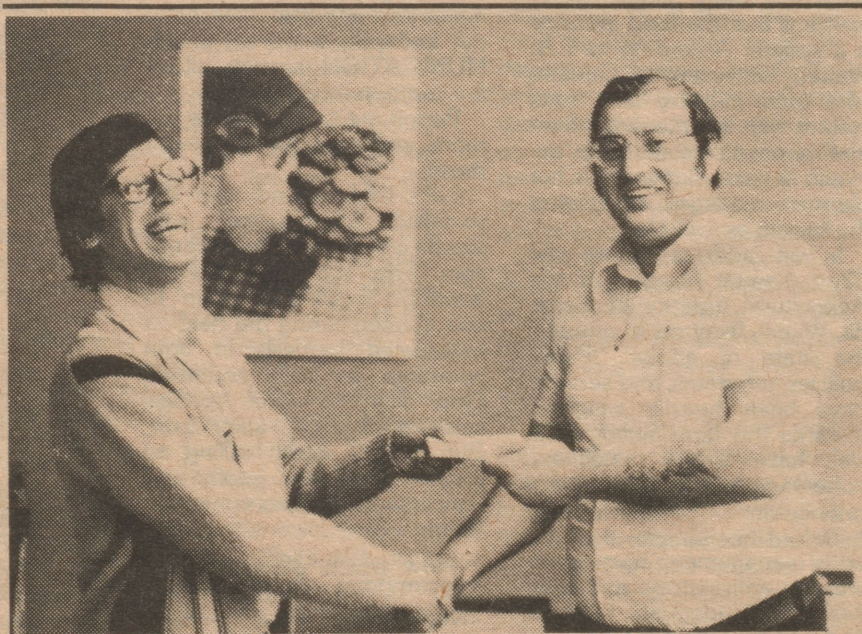
the most popular area - for both males and females.

According to the FEEDSTUFFS survey, jobs most appealing to women are those in research and development, quality control or product supervision and technical services. Sales, marketing, extension and administration jobs are not quite so popular. On the other hand, men were most interested in jobs involving management, marketing and sales.

Women graduates are most in demand for sales and sales management positions, college officials said. Marketing, administration, technical research and services, and production jobs for women also ranked high, depending on the institution and the area of the country.

LaPrad cited sales and marketing as two areas that women should pursue. Turner pointed out the high demand for women in analysis work for products or quality control because of the dexterity involved. LaPrad added that more women should consider ag education, since vocational agriculture teachers are in demand and the number of jobs presently exceeds the number of candidates.

"WOODSMAN BURGER" Wins The "What's My Name" Burger Contest



A speechless Rick Gerson accepts \$70 of meal tickets from André Emond (right) Food Service Director.

Rick's entry placed first out of 350 entries in the contest sponsored by Saga Foods.

the Word for Agriculture

Sister Thomas More Bertels, OSF
Professor of History
Silver Lake College

My position: Good communication is essential to the proper function of the food industry system; what passes for communication, however, is definitely a disaster area, especially as it relates to the producer.

And what is the function proper to the food industry? to put food on the tables of the world.

Is that possible? I believe it most certainly is. I believe that AMERICA IS STILL THE LAND OF PLENTY. (That includes the U.S. and Canada.) I also believe that the technology already exists that would enable other nations to go and do likewise.

Economist Eliot Janeway would agree with me, I think. He claims that America "has more than enough to feed her self in the style to which affluence has accustomed her. Her problem is managerial - how to ration the overflow to maintain a delicate balance between customers who insist upon eating as well as they do now and clients who merely wish to stay alive." [Skeptic, Special Issue No. 2]

We're obviously not managing that overflow very well. What's holding up production? Poor communication has a great deal to do with the management problem.

Management implies system. What too many people fail to realize is that the food industry is a system. According to T.A. Warley, University of Guelph, "the food industry is a total system with an interdependent and symbiotic relationship between its parts. But we have not planned, managed, or assisted the system as a whole."

In an address before the 52nd Annual Meeting of the Agricultural Institute of Canada, Warley went on to describe the state of affairs: "Public policies, programs, and services have been heavily weighted towards the farm sector. Policies have lacked timeliness, coherence, and a development orientation. Too often they have had the character of ad hoc crisis management; been reactive, not anticipatory; and been based on inadequate information and understanding of needs or impacts. There has been too frequently no formal co-ordination of programs administered by separate departments and levels of government, and no agreement on common goals. Stakeholders have been consulted late or not at all, and have been denied access to vital information. Research has often been chara-

cterized by disintegrative analysis with a minimum of creative synthesis. There have been too many projects without a critical mass of resource commitment."

Quite an indictment! Sad to say, that whole mouthful is utterly true!

Who among us has actually sat down and identified all of the components in the food industry system, figured out the relationships, admitted the vital interdependence of all the components, noted the bottlenecks in the system, tried to eliminate them or prevent them from forming!

The farmer occupies the central position in the system. Around this nucleus all other components revolve: suppliers of seed, feed, chemicals, machinery, credit; processors and packers of the raw material or finished product; distributors at the wholesale and retail levels; transporters on land, sea and in air; educators, politicians, and theologians providing research and/or advice; consumers.... and on and on into the night.

Everyone here will admit with no trouble at all that all components, named and unnamed, are interrelated, but WHAT ARE THOSE RELATIONSHIPS? Can they be discovered without knowing each component intimately? Is it possible that culpable ignorance or plain neglect of any one component could result in serious malfunctioning within the system? Can intimate knowledge be obtained and malfunctioning remedied without in-depth, sustained COMMUNICATION among all of the components? Hardly.

Permit me to drive home the moral with examples of what I mean.

Let's fool around with the so-called "grain deal" with Russia concluded a few moons ago. This nation committed X-million bushels of grain to one market, basing the deal on anticipated harvests in both countries. In both countries, God blew it - wet springs, summer drought, early frost. But ... we stand willing to forgive God his goofs and concluded a second agreement.

How much planning FOR THE TOTAL SYSTEM was involved in these arrangements? Did all of the components know what was coming off, particularly the producers who provided the wherewithall and were entitled FIRST to the goodies? Was any thought given To Janeways concept of "Maintaining a delicate balance" between our customers and clients? Who jockeyed us into this commitment? Two of the components in the system: the Big Six grain distributors.

"Farm Management"

A third example involves the appearance of the farm management enterprise that is making the scene presently. Many financial institutions find themselves proud owners of considerable holdings of farm land due to foreclosures and the like. These institutions find it expedient to keep this land in production but not under the auspices of the former owner. Firms such as Doane's have appeared to supply farm management services in the form of personnel who may have anywhere from 20 to 60 farms to oversee.

The family farmer becomes a tenant on his own land, with an absentee landlord who entrusts the operation to a third party, the manager, whose sole concern is to see that the operations make a profit....which is what the individual proprietor has tried to do but minus the obvious credit advantages of the financial institution.

This farm manager has no personal stake in the enterprise that is anywhere near that of the farmer who has been demoted from entrepreneur to serf. Don't think for a moment this farmer is unaware of the change in status. Don't think for a moment that he is unaware of the collectivizing process financiers are flirting with.

What are the consequences of this development? Should we know? How are the other components in the system affected? The farmer knows, but how does he make this situation known to the rest of us?

Should he try the pulpit? The Catholic Church makes noises about preserving family farmer but most farmers pay little or no attention to this show of concern. The uncritical, unconditional support given by church leadership to the United Farm Workers (one component in the system) has them talking out of two sides of their mouths. Religious persons profess an allegiance to the family farmer, but not to those who grow grapes or lettuce. Ditto for the United Church of Canada. Who are they kidding? Not the farmer. The American Lutheran Church saw the light and discontinued its support of the boycott because of the damage done to the family farm setup. No, the farmer can't look for support from the pulpit.

Did the big grain cooperatives get a chance at the goodies? Producers would have been wiser in accepting the selling price had they known what was afoot, but did they know? They did not know. "Treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothin'! That's the recipe for rip-off....and American farmers were ripped off.

(Now please don't give me this bit about the "good" farmer surviving no matter what the odds. This argument is pure bovine defecation, no matter how eruditely you put it!)

The "grain deal" goes down in by book as a classic example of poor communication within the system....deliberately poor!

The farm labor controversy provides another example of communication from an entirely different slant. The American public has a very definite idea about the producer of the table crops in these United States. That image has been designed and delivered by the propagandists serving the United Farm Workers Union. Interestingly enough, these propagandists belong to the most influential image peddlers in the business: church, university, and media personnel. All three are allegedly searchers of truth.

Alone and unaided, these propagandists took grape and lettuce producers, most of whom are family farm operators (of whatever size! What's YOUR image of the family farm firm? Forty acres and a mule?) and made of them classic SOB's across the board, no exceptions, no chance for repentance much less redemption.

The image of the grower as a rich bitch who exploits ethnics colors every morsel of literature on the subject. One would think not a thing has changed since *Grapes of Wrath* was written. Evidence to the contrary gets not a smidgeon of coverage from pulpit, classroom, or page....the same ones, that is, from which the gospel according to Chavez is preached. The major premise is that the UFW is sinless, but capable of "mistakes", that farmers are sinful, capable of every kind of atrocity, willing to sell their souls to the Teamsters, just to render Chavez harmless.

The truth is that in the grower community SOB's exist, but they are NOT the majority. Most family farmers are moderates, trying to do a good job; some of them are conscientious to a fault. They are ready, willing, and very able to lead their peers in the pursuit of social justice in the foodlands, but they are ignored. They are subject to worse than that....they are tarred with the same brush as are the nasties and subject to reprisal without recourse.

Any person who dares to make this point in public is silenced, or ridiculed, or harassed or sued or all of the above. And I have evidence to prove that.

Farm workers are pitied because they must work outside, under the hot sun, in the dirt, carrying heavy loads. The occupation is demeaning in the eyes of urbanites. Do you realize that 75% of the farm

work is done by the farmer, his wife and kids under exactly the same conditions? If farm work is demeaning, is it any wonder concerned urbanites want to liberate farm workers from their occupation? Oddly, there is little concern for the farm owner because "he is rich and can get out of it if he chooses."

Please don't get me wrong. I am not denying that intolerable conditions exist on some farms, both family firms and bit corporate enterprises. I am saying that an enlightened leadership exists in the grower community. That leadership is not permitted access to any line of communication inside or outside the system. It is stymied. And where have YOU been in the last 10 years while this oppression was in progress?

Ivy Halls Fail Too

How about the Halls of Ivy? Any chance of a hearing there? Most intellectuals are teachers at heart and most teachers lecture; they don't listen. They would certainly hesitate to listen to farmers many of whom manifest their incompetence every time they match a singular subject with a plural verb! Grammar marks the farmer more surely than complexion marks the Afro-American, Hispanic-American, or the American Indian....and with exactly the same results. To many Americans, a dusky complexion symbolizes stupidity; so does the occupation so closely connected with manure. Communications anyone?

Farmers have another problem with institutions of higher learning. Probably no other occupation in this hemisphere has so magnificent an educational system attached to it as does farming....all the way from the USDA to the voc-ag class at Podunk High.

There was a time when the individual farm proprietor and the educational system were closely allied through the good offices of the county agent. That alliance was personal. The county agent knew every farmer in his bailiwick on a first name basis; he stomped around the barnyard with heavy workshoes on one end of his chassis and a little old cap on his top advertising seed corn or farm machinery. After chores he drank coffee at Millie's cafe with the rest of the guys.

The county agent is no longer king pin in the system, so far as the producer is concerned. His function has been taken over by voc-ag instructors in both high schools and technical institutes....with one important difference. The county agent had a certain amount of clout in the realms of

storous!

ral Communications

policy making; the vocational instructors have little, if any.

Ag-Economists in Power

Clout, or power, rests with the ag-economist today. The economist could really be a unifying force within the system, but too many have associated themselves with those who service the farm or those who pose of the crop. The individual enterpriser has little contact with this elite caste. It's very difficult to communicate with people whose idea of a model is a graph, not a girl! There are exceptions, of course....but most farmers feel alienated from the Halls of Adame. The kind of support they need is not available there.

Media Misdirected

What about the media? how many TV or radio stations have editors these days? Of those that still retain them, how many are in the same league as Samuelson, the **Chicago** article, no less! How much time allotted the farm editor to really give the listener the top on the farm scene? If there was a conflict between "Baling for Dollars" and the market report, which item would win out?

Have you notice that the publications with the largest readerships have no regular agricultural section? Examine a year's worth of issues of **Time**, **Newsweek**, **Reader's Digest**; count the stories on agriculture covered in 52 weeks time. Amazing! And would you believe that agriculture is the nation's biggest business?

Many daily newspapers carry farm news but usually relegate it to a "farm page" or shove it in the "boonie" section where farmers can see again what the ready read in a USDA brochure. The only time farm-get front page treatment is when they kill a calf, which engages all the pet-lovers in metropolitan America, these proud owners of Lassie or Maurice who lovingly feed theirimals beef, veal, chicken, and more, all of which had to die mercilessly before their remains could be accommodated by Continental Can Company! Nope. Farmers can't look to the media for support.

"Labour Produces Its Own Gurus"

So far, we've been ignoring a very vital component in the system: the politician, on every level of government. (For the sake of saving time, let's concentrate for a moment on the national level.) Politicians should support the farm-

Communication between the producer and the executive branch of government, personified by the Secretary of Agriculture, is utter ridiculous from where I sit. the direction of the flow is all wrong, and so is the director!

Can you imagine labor union leaders huddling breathlessly in an upper room waiting for the next president to name his Secretary of Labour? I can't! There is one thing every President knows: the Secretary of Labour must be someone Labor accepts simply because he is harmless!

Labor produces its own gurus. Labor will tell the President when. The same applies to the business and financial communities. Why is it do you suppose that there are seldom any flare-ups between the Chamber of Commerce and the Secretary of Commerce? And according to recent reports, the banking fraternity has it all together through the directorships they dominate in the Federal Reserve System.

The moral of all this? The flow of communication in these spheres arises from the bottom and ascends to the top. The principal **stakeholders** call the shots. This is not true in agriculture.

American farmers wait breathlessly for the President to make his choice of Secretary. That choice becomes a combo of the Maharishi and Oral Roberts. Farm organization leaders trip over themselves to get a perch on his shoulder, hoping he will listen to their pleading, they stand heads bent waiting for his healing touch; they depend on his intercessory powers.

Interestingly enough, these awesome powers have been bestowed on educators of late, not producers. The situation is very different in Canada where the Minister of Agriculture, I'm told, is a practising producer. A farmer. I'm told that 10% of all persons in national positions of influence are practicing farmers "We don't entrust our concerns to strangers!" one farmer told me with some vehemence. "I don't know how in hell American farmers can continue to put up with that mess down there!" he said.

"No Missionaries"

Well, then, what about the Legislative or Judicial Branches of government? Farmers are in worse shape there. Lawyers dominate these branches. No great problem except that lawyers are usually schooled in law with a particular area of concentration: labor, corporate, commercial law, for example. Mention any of these areas and

you could probably name the institution right now that reportedly has the best record for turning out topnotch specialists. These people are not only knowledgeable, they have developed a rather high degree of **concern** for the practitioners in their specialty. Many become crusaders or missionaries with a vengeance.

There is no school of agricultural law. Farmers have not produced a breed of legal beagles who will take up the cudgels in their defense against any and all antagonists. No missionaries.

The health care profession was in the same boat until recently. I'm told that a sizable number of doctors have discontinued their practice and have entered law school. Why? They know they must breed their own special brand of legalist if they are to get out from under the oppression of malpractice threats.

Most law school graduates presently have little real understanding of what agriculture is all about. A course or two in economics will not turn the trick. Let's not be so foolish as to assume that **any** law school can produce the breed of cat needed with whom a producer can communicate and expect real understanding not to mention true concern for his fate. There are such lawyers, you know, but they aren't lining up to get into the producers corner. Neither are they running for Congress on the farmer ticket. that body is dominated by metropolitan interests for one simple reason: that's where the votes are. And let's not forget, these people who vote are the same ones who have weird notions about who a farmer is!

The American farmer has a host of routes that might be taken to get the word out among his peers....which is where he should develop proficiency in communicating. There are hundreds of farm organizations in the U.S. alone. each of these has a management team made up of hired and elected representatives. Each runs regular monthly meetings and annual sessions at which members can communicate their concerns to their peers and to their leaders. Each has publications of various types, house organs, which could well serve as potent purveyors of the word. How effective are they?

Publications Only self-Satisfying

Boards of directors (the policy-makers) are overloaded with retired farmers or with practicing farmers who have it made and who love to take the

issues on the trip to Vegas for the National convention. The membership re-elects these people religiously, seldom taking a chance on the people who are hungry and hurting in their powerlessness. In too many cases, board members have abdicated in favour of the hired personnel who are not permitted to wield power.

The publications these satisfied customers put out reflect their state of mind and wouldn't get a rise out of anybody. Most of them are inter-office memos or are pseudo-religious tracts designed to keep the brethren in a state of fervent commitment to principles so general, even the scabs can feel comfortable mouthing them.

Very few contain "Letters to the Editor" columns which could give members a chance to vent their spleen or express satisfaction or share an idea. Discussion questions that are tossed out by some editors on occasion are often interesting but always a lot safer than The Pill by a long shot.

The situation is sad, especially because it need not exist. Cutthroat competition which used to be fashionable among farm organizations has declined considerably in the past 10 years. I think that is due to the emergence of the commodity group as an **effective purveyor of power** in its own right, replacing the general farm organizations as the voice of agriculture.

How can the activists in the ag community put a show on the road when these dead-heads continue to clutter up the landscape? It is no wonder the farmers Story is not getting through to the rest of the system!

Who is to blame for this disaster area? We are all of us to blame. The greatest degree of blame, however, I lay at the feet of educators and of theologians.

Educators, from Grade One through graduate school, have done a great deal for farmers, but they missed completely the one thing necessary: training in how to handle controversy in our everyday affairs. We can't converse, much less confront. We simply have no practice in everyday communications that go beyond weather reports and organ recitals.

Theologians have failed to provide the bedrock upon which educators could build a good communication system. We need, all of us, but farmers particularly, a **theology of communication**.

Robert Reid, United Church of Canada, introduced an article on that very subject (in an issue of **Religious Education**,

May-June 1974) with a poem that puts the whole question right out front. The poem was written by Roger Mager and goes like this:

*There once was a preacher
Whose principal feature
Was hidden in quite an odd way.
People by millions
Or possibly zillions
Surrounded him all of the day.*

*When finally seen
By his peers oh so clean
And asked how he managed the deed,
He lifted three fingers
And said "All you swingers
Need only to follow my lead.*

*"To rise from a zero
To Big Church Hero
To answer these questions you'll strive:
Where am I going,
How shall I get there, and
How will I know I've arrived?"*

There you have it. Producers in American agriculture do know where they should be going; they do **not** know how to get there. As a result, they can scarcely know when they've arrived. And that is true for the entire food industry.

All of the components have neglected to answer these questions, frankly and rationally. The components cannot answer these questions unless they communicate with each other....and this they do not.

The function of the system is to put food on the tables of the world. How can we achieve this objective? To answer this second question, we must all dialogue together constantly, led by a sincere and intelligent desire for the common good of all within the system....which includes all of mankind. It's true, you know; "If you eat, you're involved in agriculture."

"....it is the human vocation to be a co-creator, dedicating all labor to the building of a just society on a well-cared-for planet, in a universe given by God."

The producers of food and fibre probably understand that mandate better than any other group of people on earth. It is up to us to liberate that producer from the isolation he presently experiences, whether that state is imposed on him by others or the result of his own neglect.

Removing the bottlenecks to effective communication is essential to that liberation. Is there something you can do to help the North American producer and - or his colleagues in all parts of the world to achieve a significant degree of freedom of expression? There's something I can do....and I just did it! Thanks for listening.

BILL'S COOKING CORNER

The Joy of Spaghetti

Second term is well under-way and the work is piling up, right? The nights are long and cold and April seems so far away. It's a depressing time of year. Money becomes scarce and Kraft dinner plentiful. Going out for dinner means stopping into Harvey's for french fries and a deathburger. And that's only on special occasions.

But it doesn't have to be that way, mon ami. If you read on, you'll soon be able to stay at home and prepare Mama Bill's authentic spaghetti sauce, guaranteed to get rid of the blahs as well as headaches, warts and hemorrhoids. This recipe has been passed down through five generations of culinary idiots, myself being the latest idiot to possess the secret.

I can remember Sunday afternoons as a kid, the family gathered for a huge spaghetti dinner. Afterwards, Mama would take me aside and say, "Whatsa madda fa you," and smack me in the head. She was a strange old lady, but she could make a mean spaghetti sauce.

And now for the first time, it's available to the masses. This is it:

Place your frying pan on a low heat and add three tablespoons of olive oil (vegetable oil can be substituted). Stir in one minced clove of garlic and saute lightly. Slowly add 2½ cups of canned tomatoes with their juice, a small can of tomato paste and a cup of Italian sausage cut into bite-size pieces.

Now this is where the recipe gets interesting. According to your tastes, you can add just about anything here. This is known as creative cooking.

I like lots of vegetables in my sauce and so did Mama, so at various times she added mushrooms, celery, green or red peppers, onions and zucchini, depending on what was in the house at the time. Don't use much more than a cup of any of these. They should be sauted lightly before adding.

Be careful when chopping these vegetables, but don't worry if you do happen to nip off a bit of finger. Just throw it into the sauce. It will give it a distinct personal flavour all its own.

Another ingredient which can add a distinct flavour is a few ounces of red wine. Mama was hooked on Four Aces but I'd suggest something a little milder, one that doesn't double as paint remover.

She had an interesting rule for adding wine to the sauce; for every ounce you add, drink ten. Maybe you shouldn't be as enthusiastic as Mama but it will make the sauce a lot more interesting if you nip into the wine while cooking.

Continued



MEADOW MUFFINS

"All the muff that's fit to print"

The Meadow Muffins column originally scheduled for this time has been pre-empted in order that we may bring you the following special telecast of national interest. And now over to you, Chris.....Chris, are you there?.....Chris, come in Chris!.....Hmmm! We seem to be having some technical difficulties. We are trying to correct them and we will switch you over to Chris as soon as possible for our special telecast of national interest. In the meantime, we will continue with the originally scheduled meadow muffins.....

Hello there, nice to be back. First of all, I'd like to start by thanking John Wolfe for that incredibly witty and outrageously funny letter in praise of the Harvest, and of this column in particular. Keep those cards and letters coming, folks.

HARVEST READER SURVEY

Through this survey, we hope to be able to see where your (the reader's) interests lie, and what changes you feel could benefit the **Harvest**.

If you find the survey limiting, please add your comments at the end.

1) Which of these interests you most

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Editorials | ☐ |
| Letters | ☐ |
| Front Page Articles | ☐ |
| Sports Articles | ☐ |
| Features (eq: interviews etc.) | ☐ |
| Meadow Muffins | ☐ |
| Zugunruhe Column | ☐ |
| Bill's Cooking Corner | ☐ |
| Advertisements | ☐ |

2) Which of the above should receive more space, or less (eq: advertising).....

3) Would you prefer to see more reporting in the **Harvest**, as opposed to the magazine-style now in use (remember, the **Harvest** is only printed every 2 weeks).....

4) Should there be more photographs

5) Is there a good balance of humorous and serious articles or not?.....

6) Do you think our budget should be increased?.....

7) What reasons do you have for not working on the **Harvest**?.....

8) Do you know where the **Harvest** Office is?..... If so where?.....

9) Does the **Harvest** represent a fair cross-section of the student body, or is it tailored to a minority?.....

10) What else would you like to see in the **Harvest**?.....

11) How many people work on the **Harvest**? 1,2,3,4,5.....

12) Should the **Harvest** be printed every week?..... Other comments or suggestions?

.....
.....
.....

Please return survey to the C.C. Desk, or if you really can't make it over there, then give it to the Library Desk people.

Now, down to business. This Friday afternoon, I received a letter from Dr. Idziak's office (I knew it was from him because there were mayonnaise stains on the envelope and the letter was composed from old newspaper clippings) warning me in no uncertain terms that if I didn't keep my mouth shut and stop snooping around up on third floor Main, I'd be in for big trouble. I tried to laugh it off as just a bluff, but for some reason I couldn't shake that feeling of impending doom. Then on Friday evening it happened. A large brick came crashing through the window of my apartment, sending splinters of glass everywhere. There was a note attached saying "**This is just the beginning, creepo rat face.**"

Well the only thing to do was to leave Ste. Anne for a few days and seek the safe and tranquil environment of the country. So I packed up my knapsack, grabbed some bread and oranges, and headed off for the townships to a friend's house. Once there everything seemed to slow down and those vicious threats by those Food Science girls seemed far away.

After a day of cross country skiing, which was extremely enjoyable (except that it was so warm we had to use that icky, icky yellow wax) I felt much better. When we returned to the house, George had arrived with Peter and Kathy. The three of them were still recovering from minor injuries incurred the previous weekend while skiing down the Beauchemin at Mont Tremblant. What made it so difficult was they were on cross country skis at the time.

Supper that night was a veritable feast (Eat your heart out, F.S.U.S.). We started with one of Kathy's super salads topped by George's secret salad dressing. After much lengthy deliberation, George opted for a mayonnaise based dressing (how the hell can you put oil and vinegar on tangerines) including 11 different herbs and spices. Then after the salad came the piece de résistance. Spaghetti. Well, not just spaghetti, but "umm, umm, Mamma mia whats-a-matta-for-you-that's-a-spicy-meatball" spaghetti. It smelled absolutely delicious, and after much reshuffling of the noodles, (notably from Miss Emmett's plate), we got down to some serious eating. For the meal we selected two lovely dry wines, Valpolicella Folanari [\$2.] and Beauchoisie [\$2.55]. Incidentally the Beauchoisie came courtesy of Mrs. Paquet's wine cellar, and we'll be sure to tell her some day. Unfortunately, our dinner guests were not true lovers of good wine (how gauche) and only had a small amount to be sociable. Well, that left Sandy and I with the delightfully pleasant task of polishing off the two bottles of wine ourselves. The meal was so enjoyable that nobody wanted to leave the table for some time. Instead we sat around and discussed what to do about the dirty dishes. When no fire place could be found, we opted for the next best suggestion (no, not sunlight detergent) and threw the dishes out the window.

Suddenly, the glare of two headlights could be seen coming up the bumpy dirt road. The car was going very slowly, as if the driver was looking for something. I began to get nervous and broke out in a cold sweat. The car passed the house, went up the road away and then came back down. It was all very mysterious. Then about a minute later, the car came by the house again. That was it. Somehow, dammit, those food science girls had located me. I grabbed my Col. Wilde running jacket, stashed some oranges and joints in the pockets, and got into some snowshoes. I was ready to head into the forest, when suddenly the car pulled into the driveway. In the dim light I was able to make out the two shapes. It was only Jan and Mary Lou Deadman. Whew, what a relief. I settled back into the armchair, had a toke and tried to relax. Then I asked Mary Lou why she had driven up and down the road 4 times before pulling in. Her answer (which I'm sorry to say was typically female) was that she got lost and could not follow George's excellent directions.

Well, we all settled into the living room and it was then and there that those lucky people were surprised actually, Kathy wasn't surprised cuz she peeked) to that rare desert treat, Ananas à la Glick. And even though I was harassed by rude comments the whole time I was making it, it still got eaten in about 30 seconds amidst many ooh's and ahh's.

A little while later, Andy and Karen arrived, and Andy commended George on his clear, concise, explicit and easy to follow instructions, and said he had absolutely no trouble finding the house.

The next morning brought news of an unpleasant nature. After being treated to one of Peter's famous Vomit Omlettes (it has to be seen to be believed), I was told the news that a delegation of Food Science girls were on their way up to the house that afternoon. Well, I went upstairs to pack my knapsack, and with tears in my eyes (I was terribly sad to leave) I said goodbye and headed back to Ste. Anne.

And so ends the epic journey of one reporter's quest for the truth. Ed.

THE LIVESTOCK SHOW SUCCESS STORY



Oops, this hair's out of place



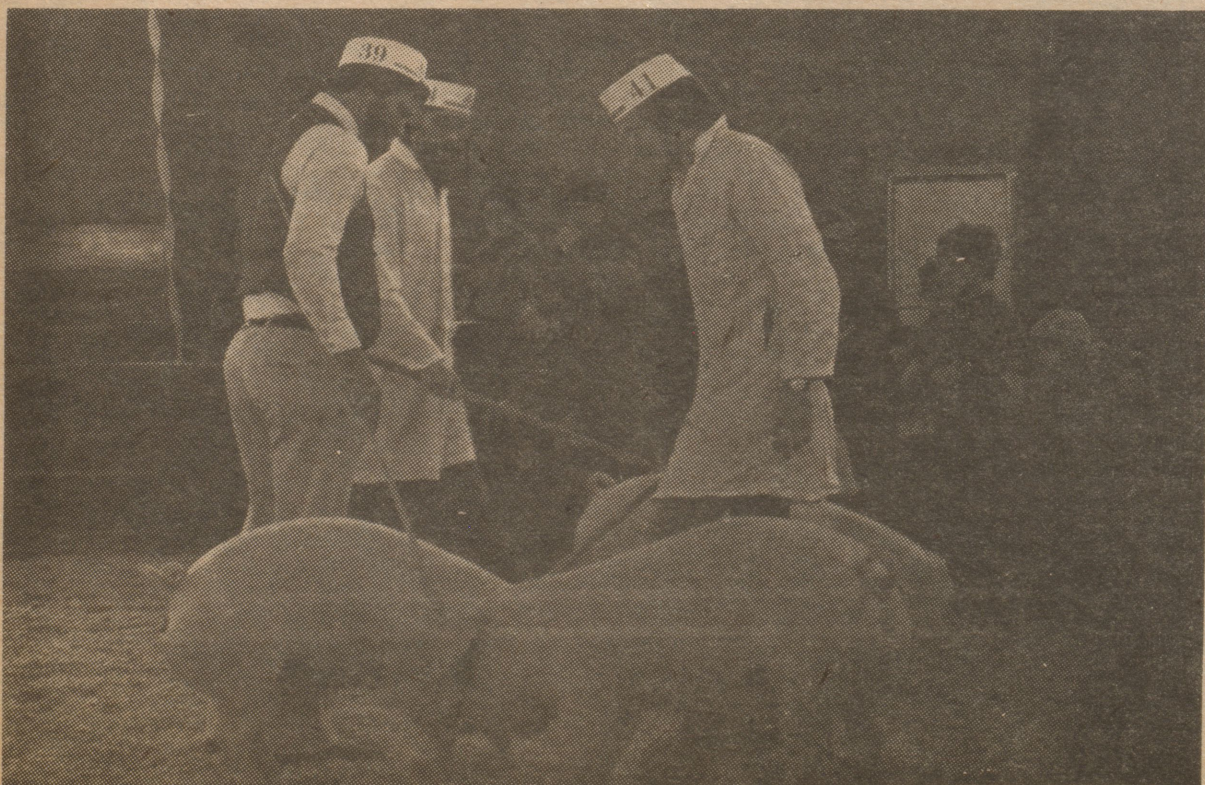
Open wide



Future farmers



No, no, no, the camera's over here



Is this yours or mine?



Now what was I supposed to do?

Moppettes Suck

(C.P. REUTER) The "Moppettes", league leading team in the Macdonald Division of the Women's Broomball Association have voted overwhelmingly to change their name. In a surprise announcement, team spokeswoman Ginger Stones stated that the team would henceforth be known as "Les Fouines". The move follows the recent acquisition of the franchise by Little Digger, a nationally known funeral parlour.

In the team dressing room following a recent game Marilyn Martin, the fireballing left-winger succinctly explained the team's feelings. "The name 'Moppettes' sucks" she said, hurling her jock into the shower for emphasis.

Anne Saldon, star centre, elaborated; "We feel that the name 'Moppettes' implies that we are mere puppets who only move at the whim of our coach. Besides, we wanted a zippy name that reflected the French Canadian make up of the team."

Acting coach Savage offered the following comment, "Gee, I sort of liked the name Moppettes, it brings to mind those

internationally known stars, the Muppets. You know, those cute little fuzzy characters, whose "joi de vivre" has so endeared them to us all, the Muppets are a lot like this team. In the game of life, the Muppets usually lose, but their mature attitude enables them to easily laugh it off..." "But this new name, 'Les Fouines', do you know what it means?" he demanded, slamming down his forty of Barcardi, and groping for a copy of "Collins Pocket French-English Dictionary for gradeschools". "Les Fouines" translates to a "Weasel or ferret". "What kind of a team name is that, The Weasels?"

"I mean, Jesus, a weasel is about twice the size of a rat, they are voracious carnivores, often killing for the sheer pleasure of it. Weasels are adept at the arts of bushwacking and unarmed combat, especially if the victim is unarmed, God, whatever you do, don't turn your back on one."

"Hmm," he mused "maybe 'The Weasels' is not such a bad name for this team after all."

DIP II WINS WOODSMEN INTERCLASS

Last Friday February the 18th, the Annual Interclass Woodsmen Competition took place, as eleven eager teams battled fiercely for a few shield points, and mostly for a few cases of beer.

With a relatively well prepared and "disciplined" team, the second year Dips finished first with a somewhat comfortable lead over their closest competitors; the V II B Team, but these

guys did cause a certain surprise; gathered a few minutes after the competition had started by Danny Bellefontaine, they managed pretty well in most of the events and actually won a couple of them.

But 1977 was the Woodsmen (and woods-women) year of the Dips as their girls' team beat the V I and V II girls' teams proving their superiority in both skill and experience.

Continued From Pg. 6

Once you've added all the ingredients, simmer the sauce uncovered for 45 minutes.

After it's been on for about 25 minutes, start boiling water for the spaghetti. Add about a teaspoon of salt to the water before adding the spaghetti. This, by the way, is another of Mama's famous recipes. She made an incredible salt soup.

Cooking the spaghetti is important. Old Italian custom has it that spaghetti is "El dente" (slightly chewy) when you throw it and it sticks to the wall. At home, if mama threw it and it stuck to Uncle Vito's face, we knew it was "el dente".

Once the spaghetti is cooked, add the sauce and sprinkle grated parmesan cheese on top.

If you have any left over, don't throw it away. Bring it to school the next day, and turn it loose on your friends (or the Food Science girls, they could use the excitement.) Chances are they'll take you aside and say "Whatsa madda fo you," then smack you in the head.



Now Available at the Centennial Centre Snack Bar \$0.75

Yearbook Plans Finalized

According to Ron Frank, representative of Intercollegiate Press, the 75-76 yearbook will be delivered in about 8 weeks. Intercollegiate will not be printing this year's book, as it would place tremendous pressure on the clan staff to produce the yearbook in a mere three weeks.

The staff have opted for a cheaper, soft-covered yearbook that will involve less work, and place less pressure on the students to finish it. There is an eight-week deadline for the copy to be submitted. The per issue cost of the yearbook should be 2 or 3 dollars as opposed to the 6 dollar tag for a hardcover book, and the

delivery has been guaranteed for June 4, Convocation Day.

The Clan Staff plan to feature major sections on the Dips, Swampies, Woodsmen, Food Science girls, etc. and need people to submit pictures and articles for these sections. So if you fall into any one of those groups, or feel that your group or clique could receive yearbook coverage, then submit material!

WOMEN'S BROOMBALL

John Morel, coach of the all-female "Morel's Marauders" broomball team, gazed dully at the scoreboard. There were still two whole minutes left in the game, and the girls were down 18-0 to Dave's Birds. He glanced back at the ice to see Martin Silverstone stick-handle his way through his best defensive unit to score a short-handed goal. John could tell from the dejected silence on the bench, that his team needed cheering up. "Cheer up girls" he said, "you're not doing that bad!" sarcastic laughter and obscene mutterings were the only answers. Karen Beauchemin put the team's thoughts into words. "If I had a shotgun instead of this broom, I'd show Martin a thing or two."

This scene is repeated every tuesday night as "Morel's Marauders" take to the ice in the predominantly male MAC open broomball league. It is not that the girls are poor players, (they recently stoned the Bishop's University team 5-0), it's just that the only league available for them to play in, is one with players like Sylvain Payant, Serge Blondeau, Dave Bird, Tom Ladd, Gary Horst and Mort Linton. Why, even Guy Lapointe refuses to play against these guys.

Thus, the MAC-JAC Women's Recreational Broomball League was formed to give women a chance. The League consists of four teams, two John Abbott, and two Macdonald. The MAC teams, the "Maulers" and the "Moppettes" are putting together successive strings of pretty passing plays that lead towards a good shot on goal. This is because they tend to play a solid positional game. The wingers stick to their wings and do not move into the slot, unless they see an open space and a potential shot. The defensemen read the plays well and rarely get caught up-ice. Thus, the ballcarrier not only has room to move, but also has time to think, since the fore-checking is not as tenacious as in the men's league.

The excellent conditioning of the MAC girls must also be pointed out. In spite of the fact that JAC can field 17 or 18 more players per game than Macdonald, each MAC girl can stay on the ice for half an hour, or more, and the MAC team can still outshoot the opposition in the final period.

Why then, have the MAC teams only been winning by 1-0 scores? Basically for two main reasons;

To start with, the John Abbott teams have been getting simply great goaltending. When the "Maulers" took on the "Broom-Hilda's", they outshot them by a 31-4 margin, but only scored one goal, and that only in the last minute of play. Also, when the JAC teams go on defense, they pull everyone back into their own zone, which places a strain on the MAC forwards who must play three against six.

The latter defensive characteristic of JAC exposes a weak spot in MAC offensive philosophy. The Macdonald girls seem to believe that the two point women, on the blueline, are only there to prevent breakaways. However the blue line defensemen are a vital facet of a well-rounded offensive team. By passing the ball back to the point girls, on forces the defenders to spread out, to cover this play, and this gives the forwards more room to move around the net.

It appears that one of the MAC teams will eventually win the league, both have the necessary speed, stamina and teamwork, but as the session wears on, and as the JAC teams improve, one or both of the Macdonald squads may fall victim to an upset that will cost them the title.

By Vasten Vegase

Had a rough week?

unwind at
HAPPY HOUR
FRIDAY -
4:00pm - 7:30

Beer - 50 cents
(off the rack) shots - \$1.00

